own house, and it will serve to connect London with Tahiti. His early struggles and great success are too well known to need repetition, as is the story of his purchase of a schooner and his cruise in the Pacific. Honolulu or the more remote and savage groups of Western Pacific are more often associated with him, but " Martin Eden " is more than a mere story and this passage more than a passing reference. When success had come to Martin Eden, after long hard years, after every example of the false hollowness of modern life, and when success itself had proved but an apple of Sodom to him, then, in the last round of the battle, Martin remembers again a scene of his sea-faring youth. He could see, as he sat brooding over the bitterness of his triumph, " a coral reef smoking in the white Pacific surges, . . ." There, then, " in the sweet land of Papara," he would seek a refuge with what was left to him of life. That he never reached it, that he preferred

to slip from
the port-hole of his state-room into the
yet more
still and restful Pacific depths, is the
unexpectedly
prophetic comment of the writer's hand.
Yet at least this first: Jack London
has